

## Human Enough by DenDragon14

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Amnesia, Animalistic, Author Is Sleep Deprived, Author is stressed, Billy Hargrove Needs a Hug, Billy is Alive, Blindness, Brain Damage, Brain Surgery, Branding, Death, Demogorgon - Freeform, Epilepsy, Escape, Eye Trauma, Father-Son Relationship, Fix-It of Sorts, Gen, Gore, Human Experimentation, Hybrids, Medical Trauma, Molestation, Murder, Other, Other Additional Tags to Be Added, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Protective Jim "Chief" Hopper, Russian Scientists - Freeform, Seizures, Sensory Overload, Slow To Update, Tags May Change, The Upside Down, Vomiting, Wetting, experiment! Billy

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Alexei (Stranger Things), Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Murray Bauman, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Alexei & Billy Hargrove, Alexei & Murray Bauman, Alexei & Murray Bauman & Billy Hargrove, Billy Hargrove & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Billy Hargrove & Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Eleven | Jane Hopper & Billy Hargrove, Eleven | Jane Hopper & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper, Murray Bauman & Jim "Chief" Hopper

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2021-02-12

**Updated:** 2021-03-04

**Packaged:** 2022-04-01 18:08:12

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence, No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 2

**Words:** 5,344

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

There had to be more to life than the prison he was currently in. Sadly, whatever life had been like before the prison, it wasn't in his grasp. The only memory he had was that of a very cold, very dark place.

Whatever they were doing to him, he didn't like what was happening.

For reasons unknown, they moved him to a different cell. This time, he wasn't alone. And apparently, this man--Jim Hopper-- knew who he was.

# 1. Prologue

## Author's Note:

Okay, so, this idea wouldn't leave me alone. This is literally my third attempt at writing this out after it being put on the back burner in my mind for months. I'm currently re-watching the series to get a better feel of the characters because it has been awhile and I want to write them in character as much as possible, albeit considering what happens to them.

## Summary for the Chapter:

Along with wanting to know where exactly he was and why he was there, he also wanted to know who he was. He was more than the number that was burnt into his skin and stitched onto the clothes they'd given him; everyone had a name, but why the hell didn't he remember his?

## Notes for the Chapter:

Not sure what to put here for notes...I'm going to try my best with this. I have a habit of my obsession petering out before I can finish a multi-chapter. I will say that feedback really does help encourage me though. Apologies for any errors or other typos that you may see in this; I don't use a beta read, unless you count me as a beta read since I edit all of the work myself.

Anyway, Enjoy!

## Prologue

**“Scars have the strange power to remind us that our past is real.” — Cormac McCarthy, All the Pretty Horses**

He knew that there had to be a life before what he was currently experiencing. The torture that he lived through day to day was not a

life. All the others that were imprisoned here, wherever here was, had had lives before being caught or taken and deposited like trash in this encampment. But whatever life he had had before hand remained out of his reach. His mind was blank when it came to people he knew, the city he lived in, what age he was. Even his own name; all that information was gone, or perhaps, stored so deeply within a box that he compartmentalized that he simply couldn't find it. At least, not consciously anyway. The only memory that drifted to the surface of his mind when he focused was a memory of a very cold, dark place and even that felt very vague and fuzzy.

Along with wanting to know where exactly he was and why he was there, he also wanted to know who he was. He was more than the number that was burnt into his skin and stitched onto the clothes they'd given him; everyone had a name, but why the hell didn't he remember his? The more he thought on the lack of his memory, the more he wondered if perhaps what they were doing to him physically caused him some type of brain damage that destroyed the memory banks in his mind. For all he knew, the other prisoners around him also struggled with remembering their identity, however he couldn't exactly hold conversation with any of them; their native tongues all seemed to differ since he never heard a lick of English. He wouldn't be surprised if they were having similar problems as they too were dragged out from their cell every now and again in the down a hall that dead ended to a large, ancient looking operating theatre.

What they did to him after they put him under anesthetic he had no control over; he'd been strapped down and knocked out twice already, and each time he'd woken up to find new scars to add to the one he already had which took up most of the space on his torso. Although he didn't know the purpose for these surgeries, the scars they left were minimal when compared to the scar on his chest; this scar was disfiguring and raised and gnarly looking and spread out against his skin like a some deformed spider web.

In regards to whatever the hell they were doing with him, he suspected that perhaps the daily injections they received were also to blame if there was blame that needed to be placed. He didn't know exactly what said injections were for, he was clueless when it came to most things they did to him, but he didn't ask a second time since the

first time had resulted in a harsh slap to the face before the scientist had held his arm to inject the syringe into the crook of his elbow. After the dozenth or so time of being injected with the mysterious liquid, he started to get exceptionally cold. The cells weren't the warmest to begin with, neither were the clothes he was forced into wearing, but this was as though his blood had been replaced by ice water. All day and all night, he trembled and shook like the last leaf stuck to a branch of a tree in the fall. Eventually, after some time, he started to get use to it.

A day came where all of them were taken from their cells at the same time. They were marched down a long, poorly lit hall to a that led into a very large cell. On the far side of the cell, the wall that faced the hallway, were small doorways that made him think of doggie doors, if they were made of cement. The guards herded them like cattle into the larger cell and made it so they were all standing in two separate lines, facing each other. The guards vacated the room and went to stand in the hall where there also stood several professional looking individuals, all dressed in smart looking suits and lab coats. The head of this experiment, whoever they were, stood closest to the cell door that separated them, an eager expression upon his middle aged face. One guard stood near a turn crank and began to turn it which lifted the cement doors inside the cell. Confused, he and the other prisoners turned to watch the door lift.

There was a silence amongst everyone in the room as strange, animalistic noises came from the other side of the small door. Strange white spores drifted through and he was suddenly hit with the same type of cold that filled his veins. The cold embraced the entire room and more spores floated started to float about in the air. Everyone's eyes were fixated on the small opening as gangly finger digits wrapped around the edges of the door and some strange monstrosity pulled itself into the cell.

This creature was strange in the sense that it was humanoid in its figure other than its head. Although, as he got a closer look at it, even humanoid wouldn't be the correct word to put to it. Its limbs were much too long, its fingers spindly and gnarled. It's legs reminded him somewhat of a satyr, minus the fur and skin. Its entire body seemed to lack a proper skin, since it looked slimy and revealed

spindly muscles on the outside of its body. If flowers were slimy, its head reminded him of a flower that hadn't yet opened its petals.

The other prisoners all had similar reactions, all of them bristling with uncertainty as the monster crept closer, curious. In the blink of an eye, it lunged at the man that was closet to the small door, its flower like head blooming, revealing many sharp teeth and a gaping hole of a mouth. The man screamed and attempted to run away, only to have the creature pull him closer with one of its long, thin, gangly arms.

The rest of the prisoners stared, their jaws dropping in shock and then in a blink of an eye, they all seemed to snap out of it as they surged toward the cell door, some of them screaming in terror. Their fingers slipped through the chain link like material, trying to grab at the scientist as they begged for help. The creature, finished with the first man, pulled away from the remains and hissed. It seemed irritated at the sudden motion of everyone around it, and the noise of over a dozen people yelling in different languages clearly didn't help either. The creature hissed again and started to creep forward to the mass of moving bodies.

But, unlike the others, he just stood there, scared stiff, as the creature stalked towards him. Its head swiveled from side to side, the petals of its head peeled back slightly as it tasted and sniffed at the air. Sweat trickled down the back of his neck as it continued to stalk forward until it lumbered over him like a giant. His heart skipped a beat as his muscles tensed in anticipation, dreading the moment in which it would bite into him and end his miserable existence. But it stood there, its petals pulled back slightly, as though it were sniffing the air. Whatever it was sensing, and whatever the smell told this creature, it did not see him as a meal nor as an enemy. In fact, it stepped around him before lunging at the small mass of people up against the door, as though he didn't even exist.

His heart flipped as it tried to regain a regular rhythm. As though being woken from a spell, he steadied his suddenly wobbly legs and backed off to one side of the room, a part that was mostly untouched by the spray of blood as the creature feasted upon the others happily. And even though he was out of the way for most of the blood shed,

clapping his hands over his ears did nothing for the anguished, pained screams of those dying before him.

He opened and closed his eyes, wondering for the faintest of moments if this was all some sort of hallucination. But each time he opened his eyes, the monstrosity was still there, still gorging on the people that helplessly scurried about the room, searching for an escape. It devoured quickly, eating with a ferocious intensity. All too soon, the screaming had died down and the beast knelt over the second to last individual, slurping at their intestines. The eyes of the dead man stared directly at him, haunting and empty.

The lead scientist snapped angrily in Russian. There was an affirmation from another man in a lab coat as he pulled something from his pocket and pressed a button. The creature whined and hissed, irritated by some noise that he couldn't hear and it retreated back to the little door it had come from.

Why had it left him alone?

His heart still pounded in his chest and the sound of blood rushing through his body filled his ears. Most of the scientists and the guards stood on the other side of the cell door looking completely unfazed by the event that had just unfurled in front of them. The head scientist—at least the man he'd labelled as the head scientist since he seemed to always be a central figure in any of the procedures he was forced into—folded his arms over his chest and smiled. Or rather smirked. Was he impressed by what had happened? Was he impressed with the results of this experiment? Whatever it was, it made his skin crawl uncomfortably; he didn't like how the man's snake-like eyes looked at him as though he was about to become a helpless mouse stuck in the jaws of a cat.

The question still stood; why had it left him alone?

One guard turned the crank wheel that lowered the door back into its original position, and the spores that had been floating about the air fell to the ground and the cold that had appeared slowly started to dissipate. The sound of keys rattled loudly as the cell door was unlocked and one of the guards tossed a mop at him and pointed to

the puddles of blood and dismembered bodies that were scattered about the large jail cell. The guard slid in a bucket of water that stopped just a foot away from him.

"You clean!" he snapped in a heavy Russian accent. The cell door was slammed shut and the guards and the other Russians, whether they were scientists or doctors, all vacated the area, leaving him sitting in a room full of the dead.

With a shaky hand, he wiped off the drying blood that had splattered his face as the man closest to him had been ripped apart. On his hands and knees, he snatched up the mop and clutched it tightly in his hands. Slowly, he got to his feet and did as he was told, knowing well enough what would happen if he were to disobey.

It wasn't an easy job, and it certainly wasn't a clean job. It must have taken over two hours until the blood had been wiped up, leaving only a rusty colored stain on the ground, and the remainder of the bodies had been piled up. Still bloody, he was escorted and shoved back into his cramped little cell. For the first time ever, the area in which he was held was quiet. The cells around him were empty. All of them were dead. Had he cleaned up over a dozen bodies; he hadn't been keeping count of all the appendages he had to move and dispose of, the primary issue at that time had been making sure he didn't slip in a one of the puddles of slowly drying blood. Just having his hands bloodied was enough to stab at his heart with guilt.

He curled up in his cell, knees to his chest, and fell asleep to the sound of his crying echoing off the concrete walls around him. When he next woke, it was to the sound of keys jingling. A small group huddled around the mouth of his prison cell, eyeing him like some fine prize. They were muttering something in Russian, to which a small man that stood off to the side jotted it down in the notebook he held. The supposed lead scientist, a tall, slender man with brown hair that was peppered with some silver stared down at him over a pair horn-rimmed glasses. The man grabbed the needle and tapped it several times to clear out any of the air pockets and then motioned for one of the guards. The cell door was yanked open and he was pulled from the cell and held firmly by one of the guards.

"все идет хорошо," he said. He smiled, although it did not reach his



eyes; it just looked down right evil. The scientist stepped forward and the older man grabbed at his wrist, forcing it to straighten out so he could inject the mystery concoction into his bloodstream. Out of all the injections he'd been given, this was far by the most painful. As soon as the plunger had injected the mysterious liquid into his veins, his bloodstream exploded as a fiery, white hot pain ran through his entire body until it hit like an adrenaline shot to the heart. His screams of pain echoed off the wall as the scientist threw him back into his cell, slamming and locking the door back into place.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

I meant to post this yesterday because I actually had time before work, and then I realized my car wouldn't start even though it had been working that morning, so obviously that plan was derailed!..

Anyway, thank you for reading this if you've gotten this far. I hope to have an update relatively soon since the chapter is mostly written out, just need to edit. If you have any constructive criticism, comments, or kudos, feel free to leave them. It is welcomed and appreciated!

AKA the Russian that is written at the end of this chapter is possibly not accurate. My Russian isn't the greatest so I used a translation device-- It translate in English to "It's going well."

## 2. Part A: Specimen

### Summary for the Chapter:

#### Part A: Specimen

One, two, three times in the operating theatre. None of them pleasant.

Another face to face meeting with the monster.

An American thrown into the mix.

### Notes for the Chapter:

MILD TRIGGER WARNING: Molestation/ Non-consensual touching

I'm back! Finally able to update, sorry for the wait. I literally had the chapter finished sometime last week and then my brain went "Wait! Change this around, it'll make it much better." I think that that idea has made it a bit better...although, when I read what I have written thus far for this story, I feel bad for Billy.

See the end notes for English translation of the Russian sentences.

Anyway, I edited this as best as I could, so if there are any typos or other errors, apologies. Hope you enjoy!

#### Part A: Specimen

**"Endure the pain in the sunrise, so when it's sunset, there's a lot of profit to be gained."~Seyi Ayoola**

Since the whole ordeal with that monster, the frequency in which the scientists came and went had increased; it was almost as though they enjoyed staring at him, analyzing him while writing small little notes on their clipboards. They all made his skin crawl, especially the head

scientist, Dr. Morozov; he'd heard the other scientists and lab workers say that name enough that he was able to link the name to face. He had come to hate Dr. Morozov; the man had this odd look in his eyes that made him feel as though he were being analyzed under a microscope. Small, weak and helpless; he didn't need to be reminded on a daily basis.

After what happened with the monster, the injections they were giving also increased. He assumed that it was a different concoction they were giving then before since each time the foul-looking, dark liquid was injected into his bloodstream it sent an awful amount of pain throughout his body, as though his blood had been set alight and allowed to burn him from the inside out. One day, after they had given said injection, instead of leaving him to suffer in silence, the cell door was left opened and he was grabbed by a big, burly guard and shoved out into a hallway. He was dragged down to a very large operating theatre, everything in it a sterile white or stainless steel. The room had at least six other people in it, all dressed in lab coats, surgery gowns, caps, gloves and masks. The smell of antiseptic hit his nose and before he could even fully acquaint his eyes and other senses to the room, the large man that led him down here hefted him easily up onto a cold, steel operating table where he was strapped down by the ankles, wrists and forehead. He had no time to prepare as the operating lamp above him turned on, nearly blinding him.

He tried his best to turn his head to the side and squinted, silently watching as the small herd of scientists made their way from one side of the room to the other, prepping everything that was needed was ready and set at hand. He knew them all now by face since he'd seen them so frequently hovering outside his cell door, looking in on him like an animal at a zoo. Out of the small handful of lab coats, there was only one that seemed to treat him with any shred of human decency. He didn't know why this one particular scientist, Dr. Bortnika, a middle aged woman with a gingery blond hair and sweet smile, was so gentle towards him, but he appreciated it. It gave him hope that not all human beings were cruel and only looking out for themselves all the time. However, he wondered how such a seemingly kind individual had ended up working in such a horrendous place as this. He wanted to ask, but thought that the likelihood of her responding were slim to none and if she did

respond, it more than likely would have been in Russian, so it was a lost cause either way.

She placed an oxygen mask over his nose and mouth and he heard the hiss of gas before he felt the subtle shift of stale air as the anesthesia started to flow in. It was impossible to hold his breath forever, but within seconds the anesthesia took control and pulled him under into a dark, dreamless mindscape. He woke up back in his cell, laid flat out on his back, staring up at the part of the ceiling that composed of the catwalk above. He stared at the grated, slowly rusting metal and allowed his brain to kick itself into gear before he forced himself into a sitting position.

He ran his hands and eyes over his body, trying to see or feel where they had made incisions and came into contact with the feel of stitching that ran some of the length of his throat, right down the middle. Had they taken his voice?

He tested his vocal chords ever so quietly, enough that he could hear himself but not enough noise to draw attention of the guard that lingered up above him. Luckily, he was still able to produce noise and words; so they hadn't taken his voice. He sighed, slightly relieved, but the question of what they did to his throat still niggled at the back of his head.

When they came for him again, he was ready for the guard and fought back this time; as powerless as he was given the situation he was in, he'd resist what they were doing to him as much as possible. However, the guard seemed just as ready for him to resist since the bear of a man easily dodged the weak blows he threw before the burly man tossed him to the floor.

The guard spit on him. "Little guppy has some fight, huh?" The man's accent was thick, but it was the first English he'd heard since he'd ended up in this place. The man sneered at him before he grabbed him by the front of his shirt and hauled him to his feet. With his bear paw sized hands, the man pulled his arms behind him to the point where he cried out in pain. He arched his back and neck in an attempt to get the pain in his shoulders to ease even the slightest amount. He could feel the guard's breath hot against his ear. "You in

wrong pond, guppy.”

Again he was marched down to the operating theatre and went through the same procedure of being strapped down and once again put under anesthetic. The time in which he fell asleep from the time in which he woke up seemed to pass in the blink of an eye. However, when he woke from the anesthetic this time, the very small, very boring world that he'd grown use to was gone. It made his insides clench uncomfortably and his hands started to shake--something was drastically wrong--he couldn't see.

He blinked several times and rubbed at his eyes with the heel of his hands, but it didn't make things any better. Panic ignited within his chest as an invisible hand wrapped around his heart and his throat as he felt tears well up in his eyes. He could deal with the numerous, painful injections and any scars from any of the surgeries they preformed on him, but taking his sight from him and warping it so all he saw was a murky greyness mixed with the occasional lighter grey mass that marked an object or person was too much.

No detail. No color. It made him more powerless then he already was to these people.

He tried to stifle the sob that bubbled up from his chest and pressed his face to his knees as he curled up into a ball. He tried his best to stop crying but it seemed like once he started, it was like a dam overflowing and he couldn't stop it too easily. Alone amongst the cells, other than the occasional guard that tromped around over head, he was left to cry his poor heart out. It was a moment like this in when he wished that life was over and his soul would be free to go wherever it pleased.

---

Maybe in what passed as a day later, the guards returned for him and once again hauled him back to the operating theatre. For a third time, he was strapped down to the operating table, and even with his sight gone, he could still sense when the operating lights went on overhead. He was aware that someone or several someones hovered near him, more than likely eagerly peering at him like a bug under a microscope. Quietly, he waited for the oxygen mask but instead was

surprised as he felt the slightest prick of a needle as it slid into the crook of his arm and within moments, he was feeling sluggish and slightly drowsy. Not anesthetic, but a very fast acting sedative.

The people that were hovering around him, he didn't know how many, shuffled about him in a disorientating manner, the sounds of their feet all blurring together, their voices all overlapping one another. He heard the slight squeak of the operating lamp being moved before bright lights made his entire world go white momentarily. He turned away as best as possible, shutting his eyes at the sudden pain from the bright intensity of the light.

Dr. Morozov hummed and then said something to which was followed by the sound of someone scribbling notes. Before he had anytime to recover from the blinding lights in his blind eyes, his mouth was forced open and a pair of gloved fingers were shoved inside. The taste of latex filled his mouth and he gagged as the person's fingers hit his uvula. A great deal of saliva pooled in his mouth as a sudden urge to bite appeared. It was almost erotic, he thought, at what great pleasure he'd get from biting down on the person's fingers and tasting the blood. His tongue licked at the latex of the glove, wishing it was skin. Hesitantly, he bit down, gently at first to test the waters to see if the scientist would remove his hand.

Instead, the man's fingers migrated around his mouth so they were feeling along the sides of his mouth. So he bit down a bit harder, wanting to see if he could break through the latex and break skin. The scientist tsked in a scolding manner as he snatched his gloved hand free from his mouth before the pressure of his teeth became enough to draw blood.

“увеличилось производство слюны,” Dr. Morozov said. “Субъект, которого пытались укусить.” There was the sound of scribbling again and the scuffle of shoes against the floor as they moved from one side of the table to the other. His head was grasped lightly between a gloved pair of hands and his head was turned from one side to the other and he could hear Dr. Morozov explaining something to the rest of the scientists in the room. With the sedation flowing through his bloodstream, it was as though he was floating away in some kind of bubble where it made it muffled his hearing. It didn't matter what they were saying anyway, he didn't understand

Russian and they certainly weren't going to tell him what they were doing.

“Переходим к следующему этапу. Сенсорная модификация. Оставим зрение на потом.” As they lingered by the table and Dr. Morozov explained something to them all, he tried his best to tune out the noise and not be bothered by the way in which they kept turning his head from one side to the other, fingers tapping against certain spots just above his ears.

He was slightly startled as he heard the buzzing sound of hair clippers. Someone held up his head as the clippers ran across his head and his hair fell to the table around him. He resisted the urge to shake his head lest he risk the clippers cutting his scalp or nicking his ears. If his hands had been free, he would have liked to slap the individual that was cutting off all of his hair. It was the one thing that hadn't really changed in all his time there. It had become slightly matted over time, but compared to the changes the lack of sunshine and little food had on his body, his hair had been somewhat consistent in how it stayed the same. He knew it would grow back over time, but he didn't have any say in whether or not they'd let it grow out.

The buzz of the clippers stopped and the gloved fingers returned, tapping certain points of his scalp and drawing lines. He heard Dr. Morozov say something which was met with unison response. He heard the snap of rubber as gloves were torn off and a collective of muttering as people shuffled about the room again. Something was wrapped around his bicep that tightened painfully around his arm before the pressure was suddenly released. Cold metal was placed against his chest in several spots as one of the lab rats listened to his heart and lungs. There was some more muttering in Russian and more scribbling on the notepad before he heard Dr. Morozov speak again.

“Я хочу проверить результаты операции на горле и голосовых связках.”

There was a collective of muttering followed by the sounds of everyone shuffling out of the room, leaving the operating theatre

suddenly deathly quiet. The room sounded completely empty other than the one scientist that remained, Dr. Morozov. He knew that the head scientist was there by the dark grey shape that stood in his vision. And even though the shape lacked all detail, he knew that it was the lead scientist simply from how his skin crawled; it was only this man's gaze that made him ever feel that uncomfortable in such a stomach churning way. Still slightly groggy from the sedation, he lolled his head to the side in an attempt to get away from the scientist's touch as his now ungloved hand brushed fingertips against his temple. If the doctor's gaze had been enough to make him uncomfortable, his touch was like slime being slathered across his skin.

The touch moved, resting just above his ankle where the restraints sat. He whimpered, wanting to withdraw from the touch but was only reminded of the leather straps that bound him to the table. The hand trailed up further and further, reaching his inner thigh. Shivers ran up his spine and his entire body tensed as he anticipated what was to come next. The hand upon him trailed higher until it reached the waistband of his pants and fingers started tugging on the fabric, intending to pull his pants down.

“Доктор Морозов!” He heard Morozov sigh heavily, irritated he'd been interrupted. The hand pulling at his pants disappeared and he felt the scientist's hand pat his cheek gently and replied something to the woman that had walked in before abandoning his side. He heard the two talking in low voices and it sounded as though Dr. Bortnika was scolding Dr. Morozov. Again, he was pleased that not everyone was as horrible as they people were proving to him.

Her heels clicked across the floor as Dr. Bortnika came over to the table side. She was as gentle as she'd been when she'd placed that oxygen mask upon him in the previous operation that had stolen his sight. He smiled sadly, wishing he could still see her pretty hair and smile; at least she had soft hands that were worth paying attention to and a faint floral scent that emanated off of her skin.

When the sedation had finally worn off for the most part and Dr. Bortnika had saved him from Dr. Morozov's disgusting hands, he was released from his bonds and led down a very long stretch of hallway



before he heard the sound of a door squealing open on squeaky, metal hinges. Two guards snatched him away from the maternal touch of Dr. Bortnika and he was shoved hard between the shoulder blades so he'd enter the cell they'd just opened. The cell door clanged shut, the jingle of the keys affirming him that he was indeed locked in.

Although he couldn't see what room he was in, as he put his arms out and felt around him and failed at feeling any walls near him, he was certain that he was more than likely back in that large cell where the creature had torn those innocent people apart. This thought was confirmed as he heard the turning of the wheel that lifted up the concrete door that would allow the beast out and although he couldn't see the creature this time, the cold that came with it as it entered the cell and the noises it made sounded the same the first he'd heard them. An unpleasant shiver ran up his spine and he took several steps back.

What did they want him to do? It was just going to ignore him like it did before, right? What was he supposed to do with it?

A sudden commotion came down the hall and he heard the jingle jangle of the keys as the cell door was once again opened. By the sound of it, they were attempting to throw somebody else into the cell with him, as there was a lot of noise as several men were yelling, hurrying to push this person in before the beast had completely crawled free of its prison. Although his vision was shot, he still sensed that there was another person in the room now besides himself. This person stood behind him, more than likely close to the cell door as sound of the cell door closing still echoed off the concrete walls and he had yet to hear the other person move about. What drew his focus off of the creature momentarily was the sound of someone yelling in English; it was the first time he'd heard it from someone that didn't have a strong Russian accent. If the situation hadn't been so dangerous, perhaps he would have shouted for joy at having someone that spoke his mother language.

"Well, shit." He assumed that this other person, a man by the sounds of it, had seen the creature that was emerging from the small opening in the wall.

An intercom crackled to life overhead and the voice of Dr. Morozov came on over it, his accent very thick as he spoke the English words. "Motivation for you, 8645. Save the American from the monster, or listen to him die."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Hope you Enjoyed! Below, I'm going to include the Russian translation. I know very, very little Russian so I used the internet to translate, so I don't know how accurate it is. Below is the English translation of what I intended to say had they been speaking in English. As always, feel free to leave kudos, comments and constructive criticism!

"увеличилось производство слюны.Субъект, которого пытались укусить."---Saliva production has increased. Subject attempted to bite.

"Переходим к следующему этапу. Сенсорная модификация. Оставим зрение на потом."---Let's move onto the next stage. Sensory enhancement. Leave the eyes for last.

"Я хочу проверить результаты операции на горле и голосовых связках." ---I want to check the results of the throat and vocal chord surgery.

### **Author's Note:**

Fair warning, I update very sporadically, but my intention to finish my multi-chapters is there. I'm just not the greatest with time management, or overriding the perfectionism of my brain. I'll say right now that if you don't like, don't read. But if you do read, like what you've read, please feel free to leave back feedback, comments, kudos and constructive criticism!